THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

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Intelligence of the Collie.

A story of an heroic and intelligent act by a young collie dog comes from Gage's Lake, Ill., and as a result the dog has found a new home, and where he will be treated as one of the family. One afternoon, a few days ago, a 3½ year-old child disappeared from the camp on the shores of the lake where the child's parents were enjoying an outing. When darkness came on the child had not put in an appearance and everybody turned out to search for her. All night the search was kept up, and the anxiety of the parents knew no bounds. Finally it was concluded the little one had died in the water, and arrangements were made by the father to drag the lake. The camp of the family is on the farm of Henry Meak. The next day about 10 o'clock, Mr. Meak was returning from driving his cattle to pasture and his dog ran with him. Suddenly the animal began barking terrifically under a pile of brush. Mr. Meak thought little of it, and passed on, calling to the dog to follow, but the animal kept on barking and refused to move. Finally, drawn from curiosity, the dog's owner thought he would investigate, and, going to the brush, saw asleep on the ground the little wanderer, wholly oblivious to her surroundings, and unconscious that she had been the cause of so much excitement and worry, says the Live Stock Tribune. She was picked up and carried home to the tearful mother, and the entire community rejoiced at her being found. The father of the child went to the farmer and insisted that he should have the dog. He gave a good price for the collie, which is now the hero of the lake region.

New Story of Lincoln.

Two men were looking over some steel engravings in an uptown shop the other day with a view to purchase. A portrait of Lincoln suggested to one of them this story of Honest Abe, which the narrator says he had from his father:

Lincoln and his cabinet were in session, but as he had anticipated no discussions of importance, the president left word that he would receive cards. As he supposed, the meeting was wholly social.

While they were gathered about the table a servant brought in two cards, and Lincoln commanded that the callers be admitted. When they appeared he found one to be a tall, spare man, the other one much undersized. After a moment's chat they retired.

"There is a remarkable instance of the providence of the Creator," remarked Lincoln, impressively, as he turned again to his ministers. "There are two men. God has given one man extraordinary long legs and the other extraordinary short legs, yet He made the legs of each of those men so that they just exactly reach the ground!"—New York Times.

A Valuable Handshake.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, never seems to wholly forget the days of his early struggles—those days when the wolf was not only at the door, but right at his throat. He was walking up Broadway, accompanied by two other gentlemen, after attending a session of the National Civic federation, when he saw a respectable looking, middle-aged man standing at a street corner reading the advertisement pages of a newspaper.

"Looking for a job?" asked Schwab, abruptly.

"Yes, sir," was the brief reply.

"What trade?"

"Stonemason, sir; but I can't work at that in the frost, so I'm just looking out for something else."

"Good luck," said Mr. Schwab, gripping the workingman's hand, and then striding away, while the man gasped incredulously at the $10 gold piece that lay in his palm.—New York Times.

ENGLAND'S NEW ROYAL HOUSE.

Britain's New Ruler First of the House of Saxe-Coburg.

"Whitaker's Almanack," the famous English year book, which is almost as well known here as in its native country, has caused some sensation by recording King Edward VII. not as a ruler of the house of Hanover, but as the first British sovereign of the house of Saxe-Coburg, thus making the late Queen Victoria the last ruler of a line which has given to the British empire six sovereigns.

The feeling in England is that "Whitaker" is almost disloyal, and that the change is wrong, yet, says the New York Sun, a little study of British history shows that the almanac is entirely correct. The first change in the reigning house after the Conquest came at the accession of Henry II., who claimed through his mother, the Empress Matilda, and was the first of the Plantagenets. After the Wars of the Roses, Henry, Earl of Richmond, claimed the crown by right of his mother, Margaret Beaufort, great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, became the first of the Tudors, his father being originally a Welsh gentleman named Tudor.

The Stuarts came in through a woman, the daughter of Henry VII., and did not carry on the Tudor line in name; nor did George of Hanover, when he gained the British throne by right of his grandmother Elizabeth, daughter of the first English Stuart, continue to represent the house of his grandfathers; he was the first Hanoverian to reign in England. Each incoming house, though claiming through a daughter of its predecessor, gave its own name to its sovereigns; it is strictly correct, historically, therefore, that the line should change with the death of Queen Victoria, and that the succession of foreign Kings of Great Britain should be continued by a ruler of the house of Saxe-Coburg, the name of the German house to which the father of the new King belonged.

Londoners Careless About Their Hats.

Any one walking about the streets of London much must have noticed what a change has come over the headgear of the population during the last few years. At one time the top hat was almost universal, especially in the central part of the town. No self-respecting city man or even his clerk ever thought of coming into London in a bowler hat, and even if a man wore a short jacket he put on his silk hat, a combination which was truly horrible. In clubland, of course, silk hats were always worn, and any other sort of headgear would have attracted more attention than was absolutely pleasant. But now things have changed, and the top hat is getting rarer and rarer in the London streets. The men who always wore top hats now wear bowlers, or some sort of soft hat, while those who used to wear bowlers now wear cloth caps. It is very rare now to see a laborer in a round hat, whereas a few years ago a hodman carrying a load of bricks wearing this headgear was an every-day sight. The cloth cap is now universal. The slackness first began with straw hats during the hot summers of the past few years, and now on the slightest pretext men put on the more comfortable if less smart looking hats. Soon the silk hat will only be seen in Piccadilly, Bond street and on the stock exchange, and it will be interesting to see if baldness will disappear with the hat which is said to be one of the chief causes of it.—London Globe.

Why City Poor Are Not Wretched.

Life is not necessarily altogether miserable for those who have poor clothing, poor food and narrow house room. There still remain some sources of happiness, not perhaps very many but enough, where vice and drink are absent, to make men cheerful, women patient and children merry. Granting then that a family living below the "poverty line" is sober and respectable—it would be manifestly absurd to deny those virtues to a good quarter of the whole population—what are the consolations open to them? First of all, the happiness derivable from the affections belongs alike to all, though among the very poor we think strong affection is generally limited to that existing between parents and children. Secondly, there is a pleasure to be got from the general social life of a town. The fascination exercised by the perpetual procession of the streets is inconceivable to those who do not feel it, but almost all the poor do feel it. How many people does this fascination draw from the country? How few who have once fallen under its spell ever tear themselves free from it? Movement, light, company, "mates" for the man, neighbors for the woman, playfellows for the children, all these things a town offers to the poorest of her inhabitants.—London Spectator.

Your Portrait on a Postal Card.

It used to be necessary to be a celebrity if your portrait was to adorn a postal card. Ordinary citizens who had never distinguished themselves in some such profession as the theatre, for instance, could not enjoy the delight of seeing their pictures prepared to travel through the mails visible to every postman who delivered the card. Nowadays fame is not indispensable to the enjoyment of this sensation. There are photographic studios in the city that will print three pictures on postal cards for the modest sum of twenty-five cents, and the operation is so brief that the subject has the satisfaction of taking the cards out of the establishment within a few minutes.—New York Sun.

An Author's Idea of Plenty.

The good of money is to get things you want. This is the creed of Harry Stillwell Edwards, the Georgia novelist.

Mr. Edwards decided to write a story in competition for a $10,000 prize offered by a newspaper for the best American story of mystery. Mr. Edwards was a writer of Southern verse and of dialect stories of that picturesque people of the South known as Georgia Crackers.

He surprised his friends by saying that his wife had furnished a splendid plot or the tale of mystery that he was to offer. The couple went to work enthusiastically on the story, and it won the first prize.

To the question, What will you do with the money? the Edwardses said not a word. Weeks passed, and the curiosity of the townspeople was still on edge. Then one day an express wagon delivered twenty crated bicycles before the Edwards piazza.

"Every single relative of mine," said Mr. Edwards, "has wanted a bicycle, and not one of them would have a poor wheel. There are twenty of us, all told, in the two families, and so when I got a check for $10,000 I just sent $2,000 to the best bicycle firm in the country and got twenty $100 bicycles. And what's money for if it isn't to get what you want?"—Philadelphia Press.

"The Candle on the Plate."

"The year that I lived in Chicago I noticed one night in passing through the Polish Jew quarter something I have since seen elsewhere," writes the Rev. David M. Steele, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It was 'the candle on the plate.' A man dies, and for want of means to pay the rent his family is to be turned out into the street. The widow sets a plate on the pavement before the door and puts a lighted candle on it. For the length of time that it will burn it is a summons to the neighbors passing by to put in nickels, dimes and pennies—which invariably they do—until a fund is raised sufficient to save the family from eviction. Would the same thing happen on the Stock Exchange if a bank failed?"

Tears as Medicine.

Human tears are not recognized as a specific against disease in any other country but Persia, and there, only those tears which have been shed at a funeral are supposed to have curative qualities. In the country named the custom of bottling tears is an important feature of funeral ceremony. To each of the mourners present the master of ceremonies presents a piece of cotton, wool or sponge, with which to wipe away the tears. The contents of the wool or sponge are afterward squeezed into a bottle, and these tears are preserved as a powerful and certain restorative when all other medicines have proved useless.

Regulating the Greenwich Clock.

The clock at the Greenwich observatory is the most important one in Europe, for it furnishes correct time all over that part of the globe, says the Jewelers' Review. It is, therefore, looked after and regulated with the greatest care, and is never allowed to get more than one-tenth of a second fast or slow.

Of course, it is impossible to correct so small an error by moving the hands, but an electro-magnet serves the purpose. The magnet is near the pendulum, which it attracts the least bit when the electrical current is turned on.

The current is so timed that it delays the pendulum if the clock is fast, or quickens it if the clock is slow. In this way a few thousand swings of the pendulum will correct the error of a tenth of a second.

Huge Telescope.

There has just been completed at the Fulton engine works, in Los Angeles, Cal., a huge telescope, minus the two 36-inch lenses, for the Lick observatory on Mount Hamilton. The tube is 40 inches in diameter and 16 feet long. The instrument will go to Chili and stay on some Andean peak for three years for observation of the southern heavens.